

## Cut Down the Raiders

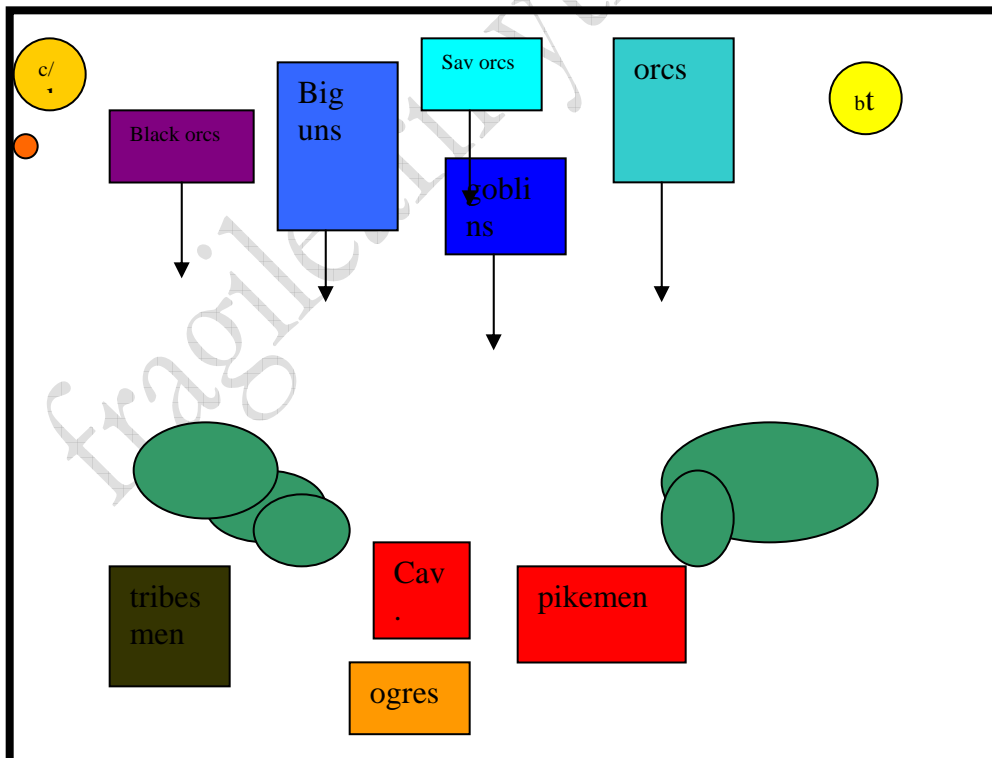
Sala'udin, Sultan of Zinjibar, sat in his coral throne and listened to more reports of the Orc incursion: more oases had been attacked, another caravan had been ransacked. It was time to act. He sent word to the tribesmen, his sister went to the palace guard, their fine Hellenic Shields shining in the bright Arabian sunlight.

As they marched into the deserts news came of a wandering band of ogres. A handful of rubies secured their service. At the Shrine of Alak'bar they rested: sent the tribesmen out into the sands to search for news of the orcs. It was not hard to find: death and devastation are hard to hide. They marched through the night, under the stars, and finally trapped the orcs at the Last Oasis. Sala'udin and his dark and beautiful and veiled sister, Nejat, walked under the crescent moon: surveying the battlefield. They had the forest: the horde of orcs would be forced to fight on a narrow frontage. The tribesmen would hide in the woods and threaten the flanks. If the gods were kind then victory would be theirs.

EDIT: now I thought this battle was against Nidal Nasr, who's completed the Famed Double of winning Best Overall at GTs in both Warhammer and 40k. But it can't be, because [SPOILER ALERT] I win this battle.

### TURN 1

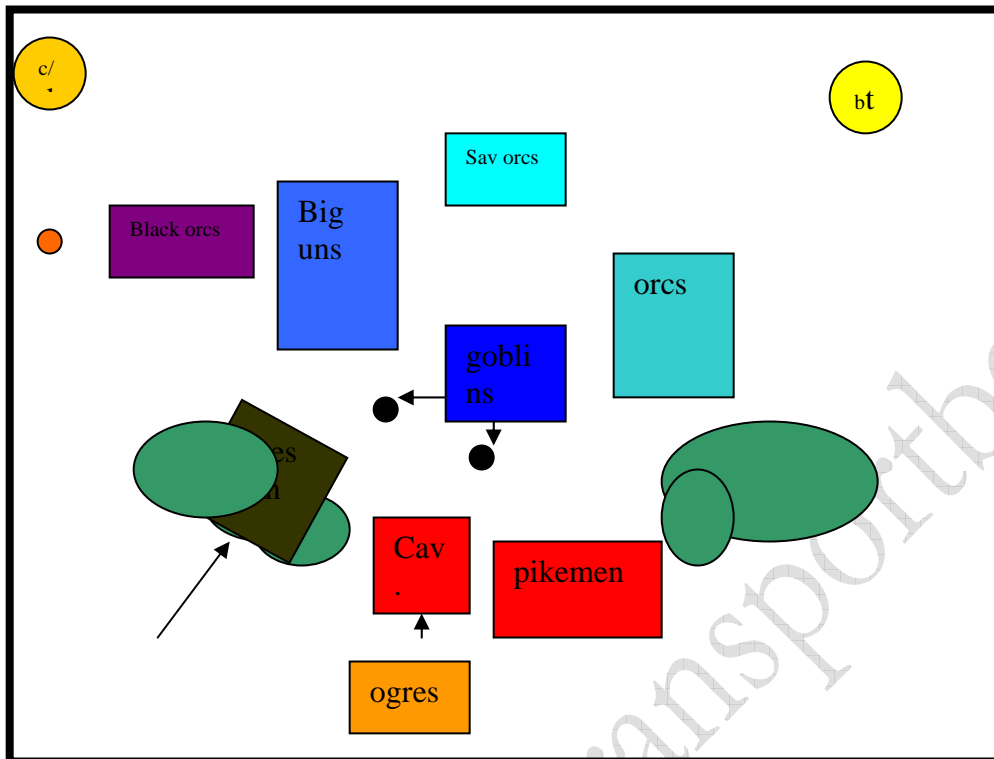
The battle lines were drawn up. The Sultan and his sister joined the tribesmen on the flank, waiting behind the swaying date trees. The orcs drew up catapults and a doom diver on one wing and a bolt thrower on the other. The rest were drawn up in a large mass: a horde attack. It would take precision and great planning to isolate each unit one by one and destroy them. The Paymaster joined the pikemen to strengthen that wing. Meanwhile stones rained down from the catapult and killed two cavalry men; a bolt thrower hit the pikemen and failed to wound. The doomdiver missed.



### Turn 2

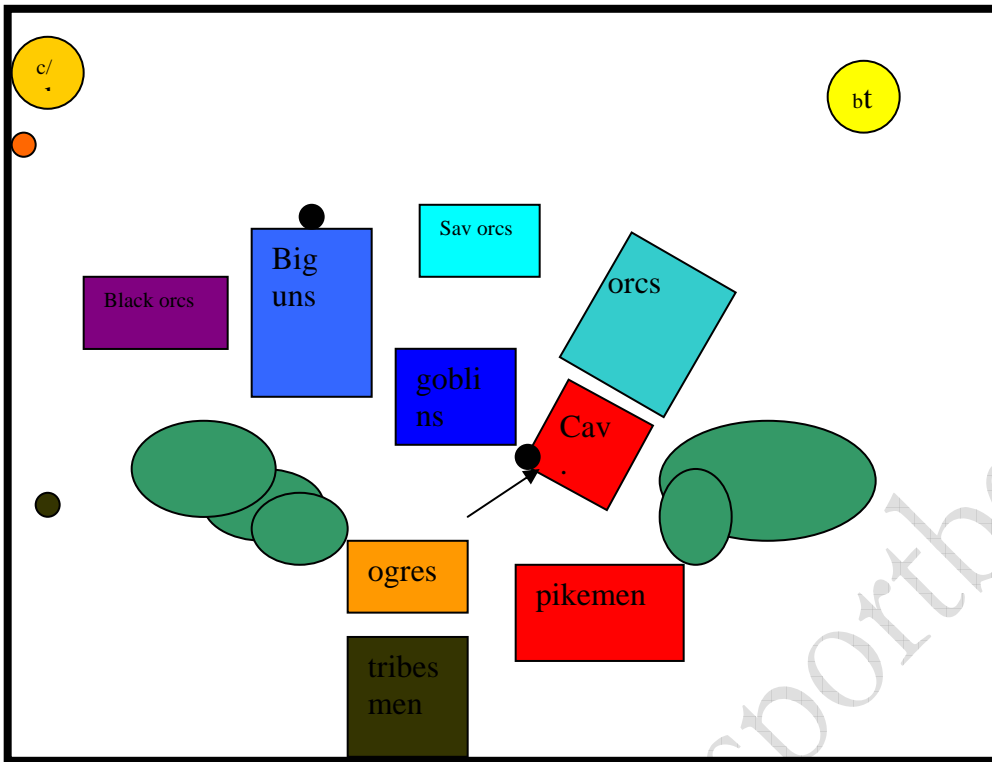
The army held firm as the orcs approached. Sala'udin led his tribesmen through the woods, their eyes hard under their steel caps, their turbans flapping with anticipation. Their swords drawn.

They approached within 8 inches of the goblins and out from their ranks two fanatics appeared. They span out from their ranks a whirling spin of death.



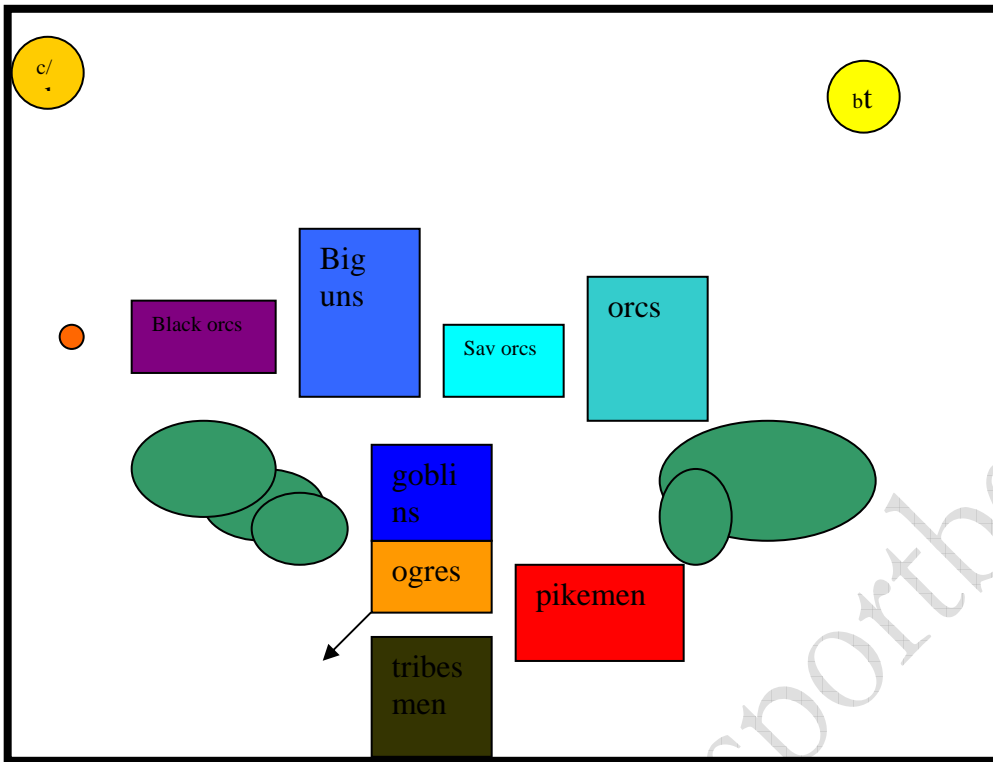
### Turn 3

The goblins came closer but did not charge. Princess Nejat hurled fireballs into the ranks of the goblins frying a couple. The orc mage on the flank flew more missiles, and princess Nejat dispelled them. The arabs retreated back into the woods, Princess Nejat broke away and stood alone on the flank to throw fireballs at the approaching enemy. The Palace cavalry charged the orcs. A vicious combat ensued, that came to an abrupt end when one fanatic ran into the cavalry and killed them all. The other headed back through the ranks of his own men: killing only one. The Ogres moved up to fill the gap: and the General waited behind with the tribesmen ready for any enemy to break, and then to run them down. Stones rained down on the pikemen. Princess Nejat threw a flaming ball at the enemy wizard who had strayed too far to the side and fried him in a ball of flames. She retreated a little so that she could not be charged, and then continued to harass the black orcs.



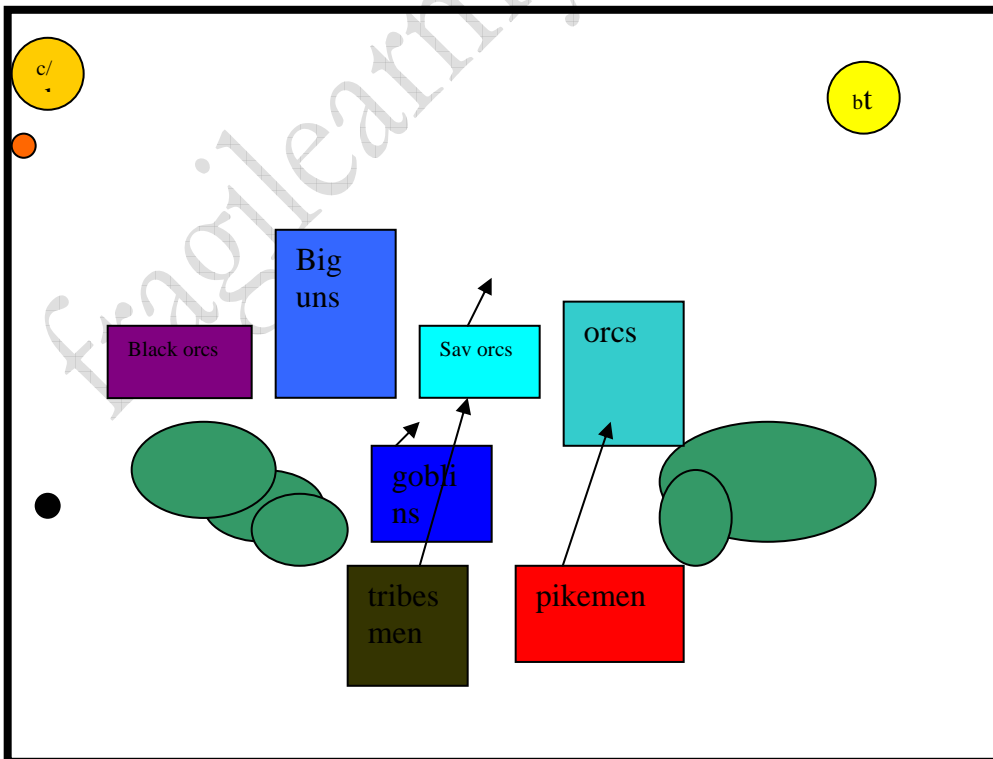
#### Turn 4

The Goblins charged the ogres, and fought ferociously, killing one. The remaining ogres fought back with their massive two handed clubs. They battered the goblins into pulp: but the press of gobos against them and the surprise of losing a comrade made them fail their leadership test. The Paymaster called to them, promising them more money to be brave and strong, but they fled before the gobos, and were run down and scattered. Sala'udin stared with horror at the approaching gobos, but they did not reach them. The strong line of defence had been broken. He would have to take the battle to the enemy. Next round Sala'udin charged the goblins, his sword cut through the shits, and they fled before the terror of the charging tribesmen.



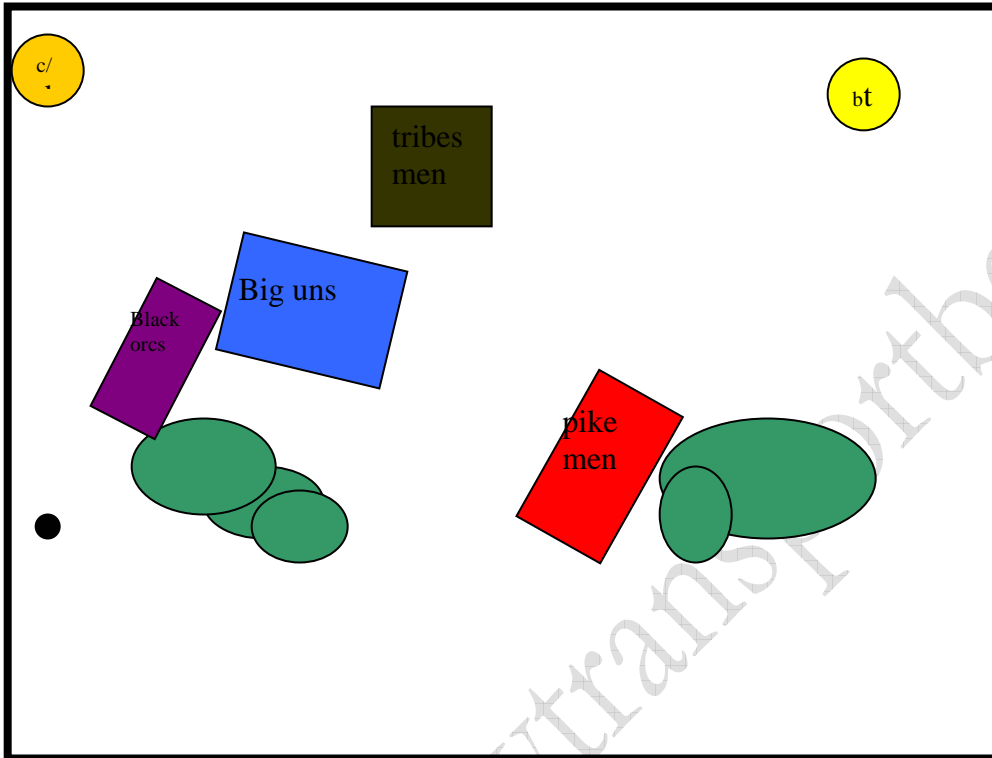
**Turn 5**

Sala'udin charged the goblins and the Savage Orcs and routed them both. They wheeled and turned and made ready to attack again. Princess Nejat hurled more fireballs. The ponderous columns wheeled to attack. The pikemen charged, the orcs were routed.



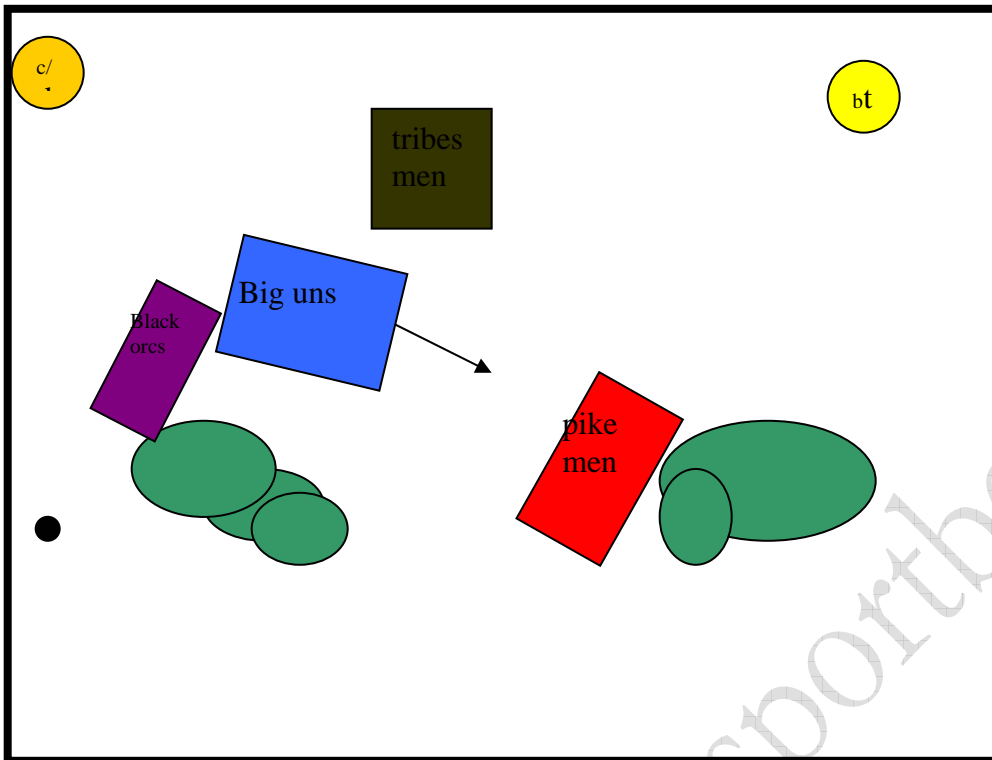
### Turn 6

The Battle seemed won: the pikemen wheeled and made ready for a charge. Sala'udin wheeled his tribesmen round and made ready for another charge.



### Turn 7

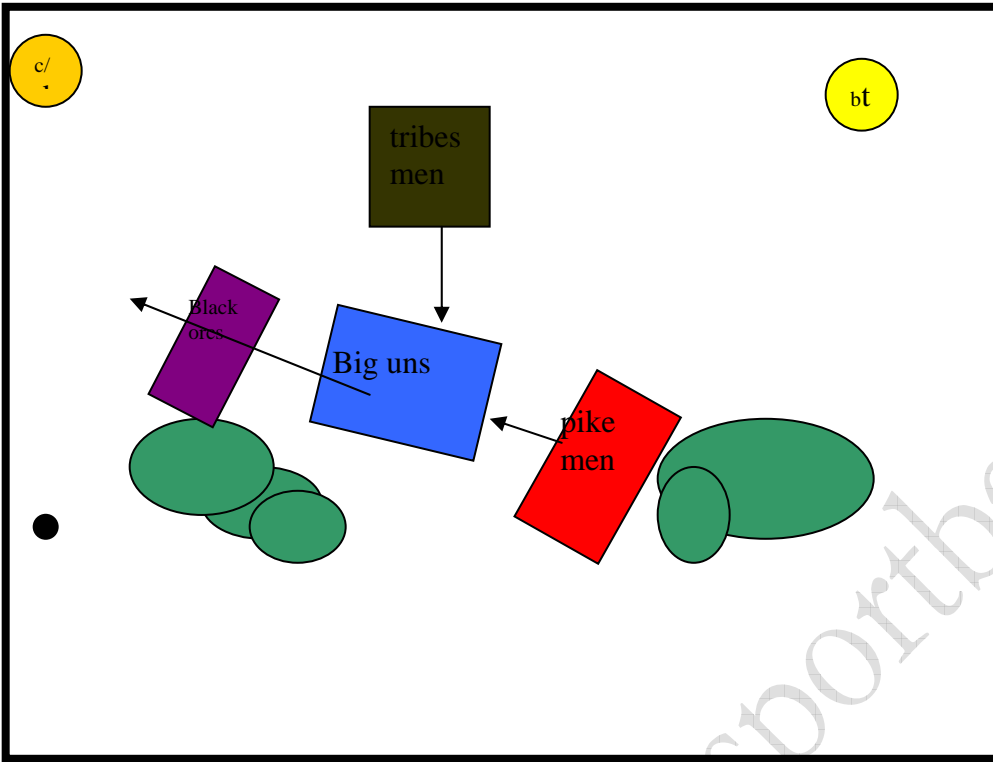
The orcs were determined to keep attacking. More stones rained down, the bolt thrower shot again, the whole army moved to attack.



#### Turn 8

The Big Uns trundled straight into the trap: and the pikemen and cavalry charged. They were utterly routed and fled. Princess Nejat fried the catapult crew. The pikemen followed up and charged the black orcs: but they laid down their arms and begged for mercy. They were chained and led back to the slave markets of Zinjibar: and sold to the gladiator traders of Lustria. The Sultan and his sister returned to the palaces of Zinjibar and feasted that night on a roast sheep; they sent wine and women down to the barracks of the Palace Guard; and that night Sala'udin got his end away with all the women of his harem. Oh happy life: food, women, and crap orcish generals.

The ogres were rounded up and also sold to the slave traders of Lustria. Stupid monsters.



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